not this ſimple elegance of ſincerity be a chaſte homage paid to domeſtic affections, far ſurpaſſing the meretricious compliments that ſhine with falſe luſtre in the heartleſs intercourſe of faſhionable life? But, till more underſtanding preponderate in ſociety, there will ever be a want of heart and taſte, and the harlot's *rouge* will ſupply the place of that celeſtial ſuffuſion which only virtuous affections can give to the face. Gallantry, and what is called love, may ſubſiſt without ſimplicity of character; but the main pillars of friendſhip, are reſpect and confidence—eſteem is never founded on it cannot tell what!

A taſte for the fine arts requires great cultivation; but not more than a taſte for the virtuous affections; and both ſuppoſe that enlargement of mind which opens ſo many ſources of mental pleaſure. Why do people hurry to noiſy ſcenes, and crowded circles? I ſhould anſwer, becauſe they want activity of mind, becauſe they have not cheriſhed the virtues of the heart. They only, therefore, ſee and feel in the groſs, and continually pine after variety, finding every thing that is ſimple inſipid.

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This argument may be carried further than philoſophers are aware of, for if nature deſtined woman, in particular, for the diſcharge of domeſtic duties, ſhe made her ſuſceptible of the attached affections in a great degree. Now women are notoriouſly fond of pleaſure; and, naturally muſt be ſo according to my definition, becauſe they cannot enter into the minutiæ of domeſtic taſte; lacking judgment, the foundation of all taſte. For the underſtanding, in ſpite of ſenſual cavillers, reſerves to itſelf the privilege of conveying pure joy to the heart.

With what a languid yawn have I ſeen an admirable poem thrown down, that a man of true taſte returns to, again and again with rapture; and, whilſt melody has almoſt ſuſpended reſpiration, a lady has aſked me where I bought my gown. I have ſeen alſo an eye glanced coldly over a moſt exquiſite picture, reſt, ſparkling with pleaſure, on a caricature rudely ſketched; and whilſt ſome terrific feature in nature has ſpread a ſublime ſtillneſs through my ſoul, I have been deſired to obſerve the pretty tricks of a lap-dog, that my perverſe fate forced me to travel with. Is it ſurpriſing that ſuch a taſteleſs being

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